


The
Green & Gray

1926

GREEN AND GRAY

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THE



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FOREWORD

*W*ITH the characteristic under-valuation which Youth places on things really worth while, we cannot fully appreciate the influence of Loyola and Loyola ideals upon us. We do not now realize how deeply these sentiments are imbedded in our hearts. When Experience has sharpened our understanding, and Age has taught us to reflect, then only will we be able to comprehend the value of our years at Loyola. Then only will we be brought to a greater appreciation of what Loyola has done for us. If this book is instrumental, in any way, in keeping alive these sentiments, it will have successfully accomplished its purpose.

DEDICATION



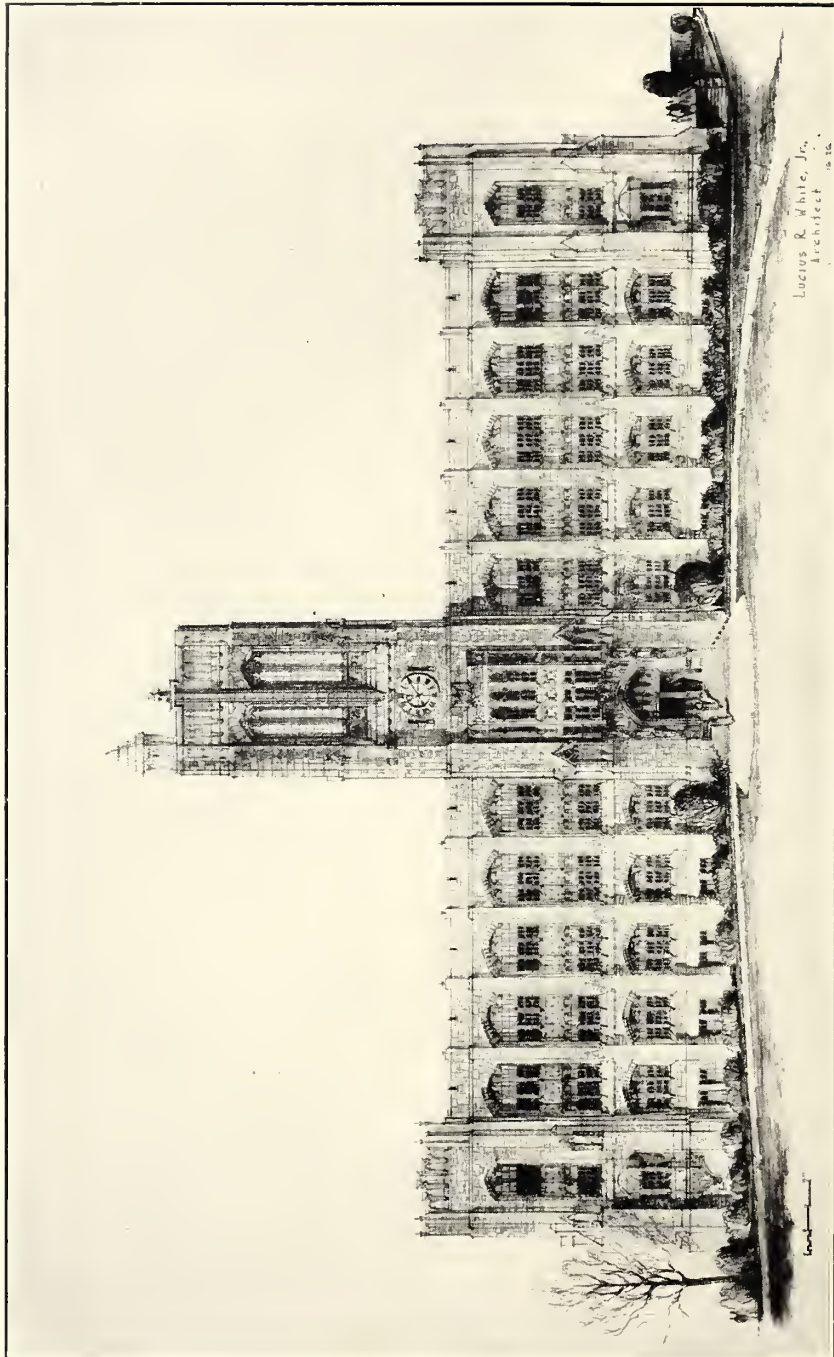
TO

Reverend Justin J. Ooghe, S. J

Priest, Scholar and Educator, we dedicate this, our last undergraduate work, not only as a token of our regard but as a pledge and a promise of remembrance.



Reverend Justin J. Coghe, S. J.
Professor of Psychology and Ethics



The Loyola College Arts Building

Baltimore, April 29, 1928.



WHEN I climbed upon the Charles Street bus the other day at Union Station on my return to the city, after many years absence, I seated myself beside an elderly man who proved later to be a real Baltimore "booster". Being anxious to talk about the city, he filled me with the desire to learn of its changes.

Traveling northward we had soon passed through Guilford and entered what he told me was Baltimore's newest and widest boulevard. Charles Street! and now 130 feet wide. As we were passing Evergreen he pointed to the Loyola Group and the fine new Arts Building which had just been completed and occupied. I remembered then, that in 1921, just before I went away, the site had been purchased by the Associated Professors of Loyola College for their new College; interrupting him to glance back at the great marble building I gazed as long as I could before he called my attention to the new developments beyond. We seemed to ride for many miles and then started on the return trip. Nearing Loyola again I signalled the driver to stop and got off at the entrance.

Walking up the large half-oval shaped driveway, I was soon at the tower entrance and turned to look towards Charles Street. The steep bank had been removed, the magnificent garden, on the left, bordered with its Lombardy Poplars had been changed only slightly; the terraces, walls and walks making a pleasant setting at the south side of the property. With boxwoods and evergreens planted in front of the Arts Building it seemed to grow out of the ground.

I stepped back a space to get a larger view of the marble structure. The Memorial Tower in the center was flanked both sides with buttressed wings terminating at each end in strong pylons giving solidity to the mass. The windows seemed large but well proportioned. I began to examine more closely the Tower. A medieval structure of the old world had been transplanted in a new setting! I felt a sense of Oxford.

The deep revealed entrance was surmounted by a balcony from which arose a double-storied oriel window. The pleasing effect was arresting my attention when I heard a chime and gazing higher saw the clock dial pointed to two, my eye carried higher to the tower top and the turrelle on the corner. All had seemed quiet until now and then I heard the tramp of feet and students began filing out onto the campus from the tower entrance and those at the north and south ends of the building.

I walked closer and entered the building. The tower entrance lobby was rich in Gothic detail, yet subdued and pleasing, I passed further and found myself in the auditorium. A meeting was in progress so I tip-toed out and would have hurried from the building when I was stopped.

"Are you seeking someone, perhaps I can help you?"

I explained my absence from the city and remarked that I was getting acquainted again with Baltimore. I recognized him.

"Father McEneaney, you don't remember me."

"Of course I do," he said, "let me take you around the building," and we started off.

He showed me his offices and the other administrative offices on the first floor, the treasurer's rooms with its vault and cashiers screen, then the parlors and the small meeting room towards the north end of the building. He called my attention to the stair which, he said, was duplicated at the other end so that the students entered the building at each end and went directly to the basement locker rooms and then to their respective classrooms on the second and third floors.

The meeting in the auditorium was just over and while we waited for the students to file out he explained that the corridors were made for hard school usage and all woodwork, where possible, had been eliminated. We entered the auditorium, its stage at the east end was complete with dressing rooms.

"The first floor will hold seven hundred and fifty and notice the balcony," he said, "we can get two hundred and fifty more up there so that a large student body can be seated at one time."

The central stair was auxiliary, running only from the basement to the second floor. Just opposite his office we started up.

On the second floor were the classrooms for the freshmen and sophomores, accommodations having been made for two hundred and twenty-five in each class. The large debating room with paneled walls had the appearance of a senate chamber, with a platform at one end and the desks grouped around. The library was located in the tower. I noticed the corridor was well lighted and the stairs at either end were entirely enclosed with smoke screens serving also to eliminate noises.

"You will notice," he said, "how well lighted the classrooms are, planned along most modern classroom requirements."

The third floor I found, where provisions were made for the juniors and seniors, was similar to the floor below, with a debating room, reference library and reading room. On the south front were living rooms for the teachers with a chapel in the tower.

We climbed the tower stair into the clock room and saw the delicate mechanism that operated the clock and struck the hours; further on we climbed into the big tower room. Here indeed was an air of business.

"The students' paper and the GREEN AND GRAY are worked out here, away from distracting noises."

I felt I had taken too much of his time and suggested that we leave. We left the building at the north entrance leading to the wide driveway which, he explained, ran through the grounds to Cold Spring and Reservoir Lane.

Walking around the auditorium wing, which I noticed was somewhat simpler in treatment, we arrived at the east end where a central feature provided a suitable setting for a statuary group.

From there the campus was wide and unbroken clear to the residence. He pointed out the Science Building, and the location for the library, which he hoped would be built 'ere long.

"On the north we will complete the Engineering Building. The boilers are housed in that basement foundation which will eventually become our central heating plant. Further east will come the Chapel. Our group then will consist of six buildings including the residence, formed in rectangular shape.

"I should have shown you the cafeteria and kitchen beneath the auditorium and the locker rooms, smoking rooms and recreation rooms in the basement for the boys."

Not wanting to keep him any longer from his duties I asked permission to walk through the grounds which he readily granted.

I was rather surprised to find that a splendid Athletic Field and Gymnasium had also been built during my absence, its unfinished end wall being left for the Alumni Hall extension. A baseball game was in progress and there was wild cheering and applause.

As I turned towards Charles Street at the south end of the residence I met Father McLoughlin who recognized me at once and insisted that I take a look into the Science Building, after which he conducted me down the box-lined walk of the garden to the south end of the Arts Building showing me how the buildings were all connected with walks and terraces and enhanced by the plantings at the base.

I started to go several times when he called my attention to this feature and to that feature and how they were planning for an even larger program than had ever been dreamed of.

The chimes in the tower struck again and I noticed it was four o'clock.


"I must hurry on," I said, and ran for the approaching bus.






REVEREND JOSEPH A. MCENEANY, S.J.

President, under whose auspices the movement for a greater Loyola was begun.



Spring



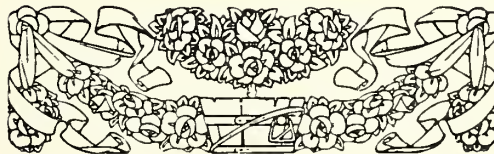
*When fat, red robins start to strut
And violets appear
So shy beneath the new green grass
You know that spring is here.*

*When days grow longer than before
And icy brooks run clear,
When trees send forth their tiny buds
You know that spring is here.*

*When Mother Earth, in joyful mood,
At winter's winds does jeer
And clothes herself in bright array,
You know that spring is here.*

*But when from grippe, I'm nearly dead
And cough for most a year,
And sneeze,, and choke and ache and pain
Then I know spring is here.*

—H.A.M.



Editors 1926 *Green and Gray*



J. P. Coolahan



F. T. Peach





To The Graduating Class

The parting comes at length, the book is closed;
The portals outward open, through they pass.
Soon, soon, their voices die, and now 'tis silent all.
But they to us a priceless legacy have left,
Those who today passed on and out
Unto the larger plane of human life.
A heritage of noble thought and deed,
Of hopes which grew triumphant from their doubt,
And conquering faith arising from their deeds
Of bold achievement, dauntless energy,
Bearing the torch of learning, ever seeking truth
With all their golden courage, flaming youth.
Often has Fame their gracious praises sung,
And from their shoulders, mantles which have hung
Thereon, now fall to us who follow.
Be ours to wear them manfully!
Let us resolve the best in life to seek;
To pursue knowledge and to reverence truth,
Hold to the good, and for the right to stand,
To give unto the toiling world a kindly heart and hand.
Until for us Death's pennons are unfurled,
Our living shall have helped to change the world.

—P.A.



Mary Jane

Of a summer's eve, not long ago,
A ride I took 'neath skies aglow
The usual crowd was in the tram
And packed away with the usual jam.
But that which set me all awirl
Was the presence there of a beautiful girl.
From her crowning glory to her fairy feet,
She was so dainty—O, so neat.
Her hair as black as—Oh you know—
Teeth white, shining, just like snow.
Nose slightly tilted, pert you'd say,
Harmonizing perfectly every way
With her satin skin, peach pink and cream.
The rest of her? Why, a radiant dream.
To meet her is my one great aim.
How nice 'twould be just to know her name.
I know the house wherein she stays
I've tracked her close for days and days.
I know not the lucky one to whom she is delight,
But that, she was to me, as I saw her tonight.
For days and days I've sought her name;
Tonight I found it—*Mary Jane*



'GRADS'

The Glass of 1926



THE last grains of sand are now silently falling from Time's hour glass. The last pages of Senior History are now being written. We have played our role as students. Tomorrow the scene of action will be changed. Tomorrow!—how sorrowfully, how reluctantly, this word falls from our lips. Tomorrow we will meet the world on the threshold of our chosen profession. What sorrow arises in our hearts at the thought of to-days passing. Our college days are not now placed in their proper niche. Youth is too absorbed in frivolities to comprehend and appreciate their value. Time and Age alone can weight their merits, and give to them the place that is rightfully theirs.

This I believe is the reason why we Seniors in the course of our studies, have failed to appreciate what our Alma Mater has meant to us and what it will mean to leave her. These last few days have awakened us, have sobered us, have rendered us thoughtful.

It has been said that:

“We never miss our joyousness, till sorrow bids us wake,
We never know we have a heart, till it begins to ache.”

Truly might this be said of us about to leave Loyola's Halls ever mindful of the principles she has instilled in our bosoms. Perhaps we are too emotional, too sentimental. Nevertheless, though it may seem trite to some, it is a Senior's serious thought. Let us look back then once more and recall very briefly our eight happy years together, on Calvert Street for High School, and at Evergreen for college.

In September, 1918, it was that forty-seven boys, having heard of the fame of Loyola, came for the first time to study under the Jesuits. Under the able guidance of Mr. Frederick W. Henfling, S.J. and Mr. Joseph Guthrie, the two sections of first year were drilled in the declensions and conjugations of Latin, and involved in the intricacies of Algebra. The second year found us returning to gain a firmer hold on Latin, Greek and Mathematics, and to become acquainted with the customs and culture of the Greeks under the tutelage of Mr. David A. Daly, S.J. In the second semester the two sections were merged into one. Mr. Francis X. Dolan, S.J., by his kind and sympathetic manner taught us more than books will ever teach. During this year “Latin Baseball” was inaugurated, a classic game that indelibly impressed upon us the rules of Latin Syntax.

Another year passed with Mr. Aloysius Travers, S.J. as our teacher. It was Mr. Joseph T. Murphy, S.J., who acquainted us with the “Language of Diplomats.” With the following autumn came the realization of one of our fondest hopes. It was the beginning of the end. Mr. Anthony J. Bleicher, S.J. was to complete the work of our four years. During this time we followed Aeneas in his wanderings and fell willing victims to the classic lure of the Odyssey. Truly may it be said that this year was the most enjoyable of all.

The autumn of 1922, saw us begin our careers as college men. The scene of classic halls had changed. The clanging of street-cars and the rumblings of wagons was supplanted by the chirp of the robin and the song of the mocking bird. Out of the twenty-nine who graduated in June,

nineteen returned to begin Freshman studies in September. Loyola also greeted for the first time, Messrs. DeMarco, Manns, and Meagher of Calvert Hall; Mr. Bernard Donohue from St. Mary's in Clarksburg, W. Va., Mr. Joseph Thaler of Rock Hill at Ellicott City, Maryland.

The beauty of Tennyson, Milton, Shelley and Shakespeare was shown to us by our sympathetic and kind friend, Father Francis B. Hargadon, S.J. In sophomore, Mr. Oswald Rhinehalter, S.J. inculcated the principles of Rhetoric and taught us to appreciate the masterpieces of such orators as Burke, Cicero and Demosthenes. Father Henry McLaughlin, S.J. found a place in our hearts by his remarks that did untold good to strengthen our characters. At last we came to Junior, there to receive those principles for which we had unrelentingly prepared ourselves for six years. Under the Professorship of Rev. Francis E. Lucey, S.J. we became acquainted with the rules and precepts for correct thinking.

The crown of our many years of labor, the reward of our efforts, the actualization of our hopes, are now realized in ourselves as Seniors. By the clear, concise, and penetrating logic of Father Ooghe, S. J., our seeming philosophic difficulties were removed. By his kind and ever generous manner he has won a place in our hearts of which Time will never deprive him.

When Youth has become Old Age, when our limbs are feeble, and our eyes are shrunk, when our brow is furrowed and our hair is gray, those principles which you, Alma Mater, have instilled, will then be, as they are now, our weapons of combat, our armor for Life's Battle. When we look down the corridors of Time, truly may we point with pride to you and say. "The victory is yours. You have won the fight. You have freed us from the shackles of ignorance. You have given us the instruments of battle and instructed us in their use."

Ungrateful it would seem were we to neglect offering our sincere gratitude to Father Joseph A. McEneany, S.J., who for eight years has been our Rector. Nor can we fail to offer our heartfelt thanks to genial Father John F. Duston, S.J., to Father Philip Finegan, S.J., to Father Robert H. Johnson, S.J., the respective Deans during our high school and college days

And thus our story ends. *Forsan et Haec Olim Meminisse Juvabit.* Three short weeks and we shall pass from the guidance of your hand, Alma Mater. But with our sadness is mingled a note of joy; for the day is not far distant when we shall give to the world what you have so generously given to us—the principles of right thinking, together with a spirit of true Christian Charity, whereby we can work for that good which you have always impressed upon us—*Ad Majorem Dei Gloriam.*



JOSEPH VINCENT ABROMAITIS



BRO is one of those most remarkable persons, who have the gift of making others laugh. He is the most delectable fountain of nonsense that ever happened. As a mimic, he rivals the gifted 'Elsie Janis' and as a zoological impersonator he is better than the animals themselves. As creator of odd and bizarre noises, he is easily the worlds champion.

Not infrequently has he been the object of our anger, for his presence at a class meeting is the most effectual barrier to serious business that could possibly be devised. Not until he has been gagged, can progress take place. Someone once said that the safety of America lies in the production of first class nonsense, for that nation is doomed that has forgotten how to laugh. If this is true, then 'Abro' is in a fair way to be ranked with Washington, Robert Morris, and Lord Howe. He has intimated that his first work will bear the title "Adventures in Soup."



WILLIAM A. BOWERSOX

NONE but the true artist has that happy faculty of doing much with no apparent effort. In his four years of collegiate life Sox has done a prodigious amount of work. The daily burden of scholastic activities were all that most of us could manage but in addition to all this Sox has found time to manage a football team and a basketball team, to preside in the Student Council, to engineer no end of dances and to fill the position of assistant editor of the "Chatter." Only those of us who know him well are aware of the intensity of his labors. We know that behind that carefree smile there lurks an industrious soul, and that beneath that easy nonchalance there lies an energetic nature.

Perhaps his greatest responsibility is that of taking care of Charlie. It is true that Reggie helps somewhat but the burden of the responsibility falls on Sox.



J. PAUL COOLAHAN

COOLIE is one of the very old timers. His career at Loyola started nine years ago when the High School had a first and second prep. In those days 'Coolie' still had most of his hair, but now, sad to relate, very little is left. Although we have known 'Coolie' for the better part of eight years he still remains as much a mystery as he ever was. We never know what mischief is being plotted behind that bland face and you may be assured he never troubles to tell us.

'Coolie' earned his seat in the hall of fame by successfully editing this book, which in the beginning seemed an almost insurmountable task. It is what it is through the untiring effort of J. Paul, himself, not forgetting the able assistance of Peach, his bodyguard, who keeps him from falling into manholes and always sees that he boards the right street car.



JOHN CUMMINGS



F TIME and space were permissive of hero worship this court star would have been duly placed within the first niche. As the captain of his school's championship team, he plowed a deep furrow in the difficult field of Athletics and modestly reaps his harvest of renown. His ability stops not here but rather spreads into the field of learning, where he is batting close to .900.

There are a few reasons why we are envious of Jack. The first being that he is assured of a clear view of the stage or screen if seated anywhere except in the basement. Then, too, his noble proportions ever gain the gaze of the more talkative sex, and his personality seems to capture them, much to our consternation. More, he always looks you straight in the eye (when he is in a sitting posture) and you are able to detect the merry twinkle of the spirit of fun.

Here, again, we see but achievement in the future, for such stability of character must be rewarded.



SALVATORE J. DEMARCO



NAME suggestive of an explorer, one we are apt to associate with adventure in warm climes—balmy, exotic nights, sunny days—but wait, fancy has taken flight into the lands of which ‘Demmy’ tells us. His thirst for travel is somewhat satiated by perusal of dusty tomes of travel.

He is the rare combination of dreamer and doer, but all of his dreams are marked by a practicability that we are not wont to connect with such reproductions. The bent for doing finds mild outlet in lunch room escapades, recreation room revolutions and library insurrections; all of which are led by our erstwhile classmate.

If he survives high-powered motors, we would cast him as a follower of the DeMedecian art; not that of advancing goods of fortune to the ‘short,’ but that of administering multi-colored pellets to suffering humanity for the alleviation of real and imaginary ills.

So world, meet Salvatore, our contribution to you, by whose reception you will profit.



ROBERT S. DIPAULA



HE queer twist of Latin temperament could never be as queer as the tortured English twisted out between the teeth of friend Robert. However it is hoped that, like wine, age will improve him. There will be no attempt at psycho-analysis here, but we will "Logico-analyze" him, and give the report in one sentence. "Dip is always right, subjectively."

It was a great surprise to all, when on the thirtieth of April, "Dip" offered his first incense to that very active diety, Terpsichore. He agitated a common place pedal extremity (considering that it was the virgin agitation). Like the shores from which he hails, he is sunny when clouded by credulity and intellectual perversity. He is famous for his unruly haircuts, and his fostering of undergraduates. In points of external anatomy some class him in the twentieth stage of Haeckel, but according to the strict classification of species he would undoubtedly fall within the twenty-second stage.

But enough of this patter. We all like him (even McBride does down deep in his heart), and predict success in his chosen walk of life which, we are given to believe, is the art of healing and the practice of medicine.



BERNARD M. DONOHUE

DONNY is a schoolboy wonder in his line. He can compose at will an ode of sparkling purity, rivalling the fame of "O Fons Bandusiae." His knowledge embraces all subjects, from Freshman poetry, through winding Physics motors to Senior Psychology. His distinction as a poet and literateur is attested by his many works which have graced our classes. Even into the GREEN AND GRAY have crept this young Kilmer's poetry.

Rumor has it that Bernard has two ambitions, the first is success in his chosen profession, and the other—ah, well it is said that "Donny" has worn a trail from Mt. Washington to Roland Park.

In the four short years in which it has been our pleasure and good fortune to know this versatile young man, we feel confident that success with him is but a matter of time.

Here's to your health, wealth and happiness, "Donny."



ROBERT M. LYON

BOB and his activities at Loyola almost defy sketching, however, finished the author's pen may be. To know Bob is to like him. His pleasing companionship has been our happiness. When only a Junior, Bob heard and followed the call of Law, and daily he may be seen hurrying to town to delve deeper into the Commentaries of Blackstone, and solve any intricacies the law may present. If scholastic standing may be taken as a criterion of success, then Bob's position in his chosen profession is assured. That he will make a success of it we are confident, that the profession will be the better for his entering it, there is no doubt.

The corporation lawyers of Maryland, whether they are aware of it or not, are about to herald the advent of a legal luminary and the Benches of this State, aye, of this Nation, are built for just such men.

But do not think that all of this youths time is devoted to study. He often finds time to help run an occasional dance or bazaar for us. He has served on many and various committees. By his superb guarding for three years he helped keep the College Basketball team in the running for the State Championship. His fourth year was crowned with success when the team won the Maryland State Championship.

Thus the men of 1926 are acquainted with a student with clear, concise and logical ideas, an athlete whose ability is the acme of basketball perfection, and a man whose good fellowship beams in our every contact with him. Success to you, Bob.



CARROLL J. McBRIDE



SENIOR'S three feet of dissension. Few class issues get by without first going thru the fire of 'Mickey's' opposition; but withal, his seriousness acts as a balance to the more impetuous members of the class. His only trouble seems to be his incompatibility with DiPaula in all matters, whether trivial or grave. His main passion is for 'tall timber,' and on account of this is subjected to quite a bit of joking.

Outside of DiPaula the only thing that could ever disturb his mental equilibrium would be some sort of an intellectual cataclysm; and at one time this seemed to have happened. 'Shimmy' and a few Easterners brought weird tales of a happening; then, too, we saw photographs; anyhow he was in an uproar for awhile.

Mickey studies hard and long, and knows his stuff. He has chosen the profession that deals with retorts and smelly compounds of an organic nature, and will, we feel assured, make many discoveries that will materially aid mankind in reaching a surer state of well-being.



WILLIAM J. McWILLIAMS



THE ONLY thing that seems to worry Mac is that he is unable to find a book that 'Chollie' has not read; this, being secondary only to his interest in things military, may be said to constitute the major portion of his 'ruling Passion.' However he has other interests both in Baltimore and Annapolis, otherwise his 'week-endings' would have ceased long ago.

It has been written that 'truth is stranger than fiction'; verily, this is proven by the stories that Bill brings to us and which, he claims, have their origin in that wonder city on the banks of the Severn. It is too bad we have lost the power of placing faith in all we hear, for if such were not the case (by listening to McWilliams' narrations) we would have new heroes and a new set of illusions.

It were impossible to set all his accomplishments down here, so be content with mention of the cardinal. From certain of his writings, he is a 'musical technician'; admittedly a soldier, an accomplished orator and narrator; a student, and possesses that elusive 'bonhomie' that many seek within the covers of 'the little black book'. He is hailed, too, as the first editor of the "Chatter." Mac is quite successful with the intuitive sex, a success he sums up modestly and succinctly in "That's just my way, son, just my way."



JOHN A. MENTON

IT HAS ever been the aim of man to acquire a state of mental equilibrium at all times. If memory serves aright, it is an Horatian adage *Aequam memento rebus in arduis servare mentem*, which, with much license, we may translate as 'smile through your trouble'. This is exactly what Jack does. Carefree as a lark and as happy, he wends his blithesome way through all trouble, both philosophic and real. It has never been ascertained whether he has any real trouble or not, for his mouth is ever festooned towards his ears in a winning smile.

He is our enigma; we know of no more futile pastime than trying to cast Jack in a suitable role for *The Great Play*: perhaps a light in the world of sports, no, there is something deeper—a profound depth of character belied by a rippling surface. No matter what he undertakes, rest assured, that if John the scholar fails, Jack the man will succeed.



REGINALD A. NEUWEIN

MEET the Adonis of Senior (he is innocent of the imputation), fair haired, tall, and handsome (he'll run us all when he reads this). "Reggie" hails from Baltimore and its suburbs, at times. We know him and he is noted for his participation in the "Sox, Max, and Reggie" triumvirate; he is one of the charter members of this institution, and is always in the parade when they turn out in full numbers and regalia to promenade the world famous "Rue de Charles." A striking collection, and Reggie the most striking when fully aroused and sufficiently ired.

We do not want to create any atmosphere savoring of foppishness or 'high-hattery' around our classmate, for such would surely be imputed to us and mark our judgment as rock bottom in point of reliability. Reginald is worthy of all the friendship that could possibly be placed in him; level headed, clear sighted and conservative. He is a student and applies himself as he sees fit, and usually that is enough to put him over.

Reggie is managing this year's baseball team, and his diligence has assured us of a very good schedule. We do not know exactly what 'Alf' is going to take up as an occupation, but we cannot think of one at which he cannot succeed.



FRANK T. PEACH

THE Frank Peach of yesteryear has passed and in his stead "Meest' Peech" of philosophic bend and executive ability is with us. We suffered no grief at the demise of the former for we experienced too much elation in acquiring the latter. It seems that the Granite cliffs, in the shadow of which he pitches camp, have imparted of their solidity to him; he, in turn, uses that solidity to back up class affairs which would otherwise taste of the ashes of failure.

Indeed, this young man has been surprising in several ways. We had never dreamed of his pugnacity until he demonstrated the same on the court of the net and circle, where he acted as pivot man for the Senior team and was instrumental in the success of that organization. He has proven himself to be a 'go-getter', and, up until very recently, had a great regard for time. However his long gazings at the bashful dial became furtive, then abruptly ceased one morning at ten minutes of ten.

His stars prophesy naught save the attainment of his chosen goal.



EMMANUEL A. SCHIMUNEK



O us Emmanuel is but a synonym for silence. This young man, however, at the slightest provocation can with fire and determination bring down the greatest of opponents.

"Shimmy", as he is affectionately termed, completes the second triumverate of our class, with "Twardo" and "Mac". To know that "Shimmy" is a competent and dependable soccer player we have only to listen to himself and "Duke." Just as the 'Senators' and "Giants" are awaited in their respective parks by their admirers each year, so also does Canton await the appearance of Emmanuel's soccer club. The dailies will attest to this fact.

Rumor is abroad that Emmanuel is about to announce something—er, well we had better let him tell it. That he will be as successful in this as well as in business we are most confident. Keep up the persistent work Emmanuel, which has always characterized you in the past and your future record we are certain, will be most enivable.



JOHN J. SCHONOWSKI

HERE is a youth that perturbs us. We accuse him of bragging and, to our discomfort, he makes good his boasts, sometimes. The possessor of an enviable set of vocal organs, features suggestive of the satellites of the muted drama; vigorous, happy and energetic; somewhat athletic as his records (given gratis by himself) in soccer and basketball show. Whether it is by chance or studiously that we call him 'Duke' is not known. However it is not a misnomer for he belongs to that universal nobility, "prince among men."

He and his associate in art, George Urban, are the exponents of the latest vocal 'hits' and bid fair to supplant the team of Van and Schenk in the first run houses.

Until recently his future was rather uncertain, but the 'li'l boid' told us a thing or several, and we now look upon him as being a modern Antonio having no need of the legal kink of mind of any Portia.



JOSEPH M. THALER



JOE the genial beadle of our class, is the secret object of each one's envy. After knowing this chap for four years, we have but one regret—that we did not know him longer. If persistence, diligence and consistency count for success, surely Joe will be among the first to reach his goal in life.

The Track Coach has had nothing less than the highest praise for this youth's ability as a competitor of Mercury. It is Joe's solitary boast that he can do a hundred in ten flat.

Rumor has it that Joe is to pursue the field of Chemistry for a Ph. D. Here's to you Joe! May all your dreams of fame be realized. The world of Chemistry will gain by your entrance, and Loyola will be the prouder of you for the record you will make. We students have found in you a true, staunch and unflinching friend. If the Fates in stirring the cauldron, would now pick out your name, we are confident you would be among the leaders in your chosen career.



MITCHELL L. TWARDOWICZ

ATHLETE and Philosopher. Contradictory as these terms may seem they nevertheless apply to our classmate. Of his ability as a philosopher, too much cannot be said. He mastered the intricacies of philosophic thought in a manner that was a source of wonderment to all of us. Indeed, he even sought to apply some of his philosophic theories to the defects of his favorite timepiece; but after several futile attempts, he finally realized that an alarm clock is not capable of reasoning and hence is not to blame for tardiness in performing the function which has made it the common enemy.

As an athlete also does this genial classmate of ours shine. On the basketball court he overcomes his opponents with the same ease that he masters problems of Philosophy, and to 'Mitch' goes most of the credit for the splendid showing of the class team. But on the baseball field he truly stars, playing on the infield or taking his turn 'behind the bat' as the need may be. For his proficiency in this sport, he was twice awarded the much sought after "L".

'Mitch' has not enlightened us as to his future Profession, but we can safely say that one of the professions is about to receive a leader.



GEORGE E. URBAN



CTOR, orator, business man, orchestra leader. These are the roles George has played and in each he has gained distinction. As a charter member of our college orchestra, his playing at the basketball games was received with much praise, when he held forth in the armory each Saturday night.

George has cast his lot with the business world and that he will be all the more successful for it we feel assured. His long activity with the business ends of our different enterprises and at present with "The Evergreen Chatter" attest to this fact.

George also has quite a lengthy repertoire which accounts in good measure for his popularity at all times but especially at our night gatherings around Bill's piano.

If George can run a business with as much success as "The Chatter", he should have a most satisfying and edifying life of it.



CHARLES M. WAYS



MAX is the avowed enemy of the United Railways and the esteemed friend of the shoe manufacturers. Even the weather man cannot persuade him to arbitrate. His chief claim to fame is that of being himself. Once knowing him you cannot forget him.

Max is a great talker. He talks fluently, vivaciously, logically and at great length upon almost any subject whatever and on the slightest provocation. Endowed with a curious mind, a spontaneous wit and possessing a broad knowledge, his views and observations are eagerly sought.

His worries are few and those he does have, he doesn't let worry him. The only thing that has ever been known to disturb him was his failure, one day, to get to the bank before it closed. While touring the other side he learned how to guide a cane and is now often seen driving it up and down Charles street.





THE 1926 SPORT MODEL SENIOR

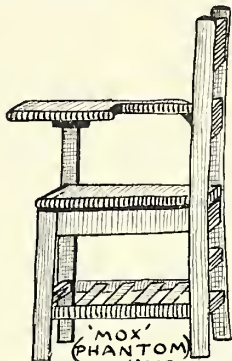
MAKE	PART
ABROMAITS	'ZOOT'
BOWERSOX	BEARD
COOLAHAN	EARS
CUMMINGS	NECK
DEMARCO	SOCKS
DIPPAULA	TEETH
DONAHUE	HANDS
LYONS	(ROSY)CHEEKS
MCBRIDE	GLASSES
MCWILLIAMS	HAIR
MENTON	FORE-HEAD
NEUWEIN	EYES
PEACH	LEGS
SCHIMUNECK	HANDKERCHIEF
SCHONOSKI	TIE
THALER	RING
TWARDOWICZ	SIDE BOARDS
URBAN	UMBRELLA-CIGAR(S)
WAYS	FEET(SHOES ATTACHED)



INTRODUCING
OUR
FIERY
PRESIDENT
'DOC'
LYONS



JACK MENTON
CLASS SHEIK,
ATHLETE,
GENTLEMAN +
CHAMPION
SANDWICH
EATER



'MOX' (PHANTOM)
WAYS
LISTENING TO A
PHILOSOPHY
LECTURE



OUR
FAMOUS
'QUARTETTE'
A
HOWLING
SUCCESS!
CHIEF
OFFENDERS
: URBAN
SCHONOSKI

Senior Prophecy

“—————and the external senses shall be perfected; the sense of touch shall be so delicately receptive that the slightest vibration shall be felt. The ear shall be supersensitive and receive the sounds that are now too slight to be sensitively perceived, even the atmosphere shall be pregnant with myriads of messages for man.

“The intellect of man will be in a state of perfection, so that the need of a third term in reasoning will be no longer felt. But better, there will be no Future, to the Blest. What now is unknown; what now is wrapped in the obscure Future—the Unknown—all will be clearly seen in the intellect of man; just as he now is able to phantasize the past and imagine the future.

“A right fanciful state of being, wot?”; interrogated my listener as I translated the above excerpt from the ‘Vessel of Mystic Knowledge,’ an old manuscript that fell into my hands following a remarkable succession of strange experiences in one of the far eastern lands.

“Well perhaps,” I replied, “but you’ll have to admit that we would be better able to shun, if possible, the undesirable future; or at least be prepared for it. Though in respect to the external senses, it would be a trifle uncomfortable to be constantly disturbed by the thousands of vibrations which we do not now experience.”

“Say, it’s quite late; fancy I’ll toddle on.”

Thus at one stroke I was without a listener and a companion. The reading must have affected me; I do not remember of being drowsy nor of falling asleep. However the following was seen, albeit a trifle vague.

It is the first meet of *The Universal Hierarchy of Intellectuality*, the end of which society is to further the well being of the human race, both physically and mentally. The meeting is held in the vast ampitheatre of Loyola University at Baltimore in the year 1950 A. D.

The chairman, Charles Max Ways (incidentally the pessimistic pacifist President of the United States), calls the meeting to order. In a manner that sorely ‘gripes’ the members assembled, Prof. R. S. DiPaula (who fills the chairs of Sanscript and Shorthand in the National University of Greenland) clamors loudly for the organization of a theatre party to pro-

mote goodfellowship: he is at once called to order and sent out to procure refreshments for the speakers. The Governor of New York now takes the floor and addresses the assembly. In part, he says: "Gentlemen, it is with the greatest pleasure; though with a keen sensibility of my shortcomings, that I assume the agreeable duty, imposed upon me by this assembly, of welcoming the intellectual lights of other climes to the bosom of this society. From the bleak and barren shores of austere beauty we welcome the Polish Minister of War, Mitchell Twardowicz, late of Poland, Canton and Indo-China." Here Mr. McWilliams is interrupted and the assembly turns to note the arrival of a portly gent whom all recognize as Emmanuel Schimunek, new owner of the Ward Baking Combine.

To the right of the dough be——er, king, is the modern Achilles, owner and operator of the world's greatest Physical Culture game—Joseph Abromaitis; to the left of Mr. War——er, Schimunek is J. James Schonowski, one time idol of the silver screen and phantom lightweight champion of the world; but he tired of all this and his present occupation is singing baritone with the Metropolitan Opera Company. Many are the greetings as these three worthies bow to their one-time companions.

Again the Governor begins, but he is interrupted; the whole assembly arises and respectfully allow Paul Cardinal Coolahan, Papal nuncio to Aukland, passage to the seat of honor. Behind, and attendant upon His Eminence, comes J. Marcuum Thaler in monkish attire and with down-cast eyes suggestive of sack cloth and ashes as befit his position of saint and philosopher.

The chairman now calls for the opinion of the Senator from Connecticut on 'The Metaphysical Necessity of the Sub-stratum': R. Alfred Neuwein arises and astounds the members with a scholarly discourse on the difficult subject. At the termination of the dissertation, the Attorney General of the United States arises and disputes the thesis; then it was recalled that Bob Lyon always did object. Perhaps the objection and defense would still be going on if the door had not opened to admit the 'big butter and egg man' from the Northwest. Frank Peach, who has the greater portion of both of the Dakotas under cultivation, rushes in somewhat out of breath but with his characteristic smile and loudly shouts, "Gentlemen!" Prof. DiPaula just returning from his procuration tour, denounced the conduct of the meeting as "outrageous and unreasonable." Pandemonium at once broke loose; repeatedly the chairman rapped for order, and at last, unable to restrain himself further, let fly the ponderous gavel at the milling crowd. The missile misses its target and goes straight for the door, just as 'II Duce', Italy's new dictator enters.

Bill Demarco neatly dodges the gavel and enters the fray on general principles: the scuffle is quickly over; after Dr. Carroll J. McBride, America's greatest research scientist in the field of chemistry and medicine, had patched up the contestants and given Prof. DiPaula first aid, the meeting proceeds.

All were anxious to hear of the sudden rise to power of "Demmy," and he told the following yarn. "It had always been my fondest dream to be Dictator—to put into practice my theories, and let me tell you that it was *philosophy* that did it. If you would be powerful, use mob psychology! Do things on the spur of the moment and time will fly, hesitate and eternity drags. Mussolini gave me these simple precepts while on his death-bed, he finally harbored a bullet in a vital spot; none know of his demise, I've been ruling in his stead for three years. None will know of his death until I return to Rome, as soon as Dr. Donohue removes a lead slug from my neck, received while conquering France and Germany."

"Aw, pipe down and give the pile drivers a chance!" We all turn to discover the disturber, and Al Bowersox, who had just returned from building a massive viaduct connecting North America with Siberia, just after he had straightened the leaning tower of Pisa, grins at us and takes his feet from the windowsill, allowing his chair to rest on its four legs. In the quiet that follows we hear 'Doc' Lyon still trying to convince 'Reggie' of his fallacy; but his proofs fell upon deaf ears—the gentleman from Connecticut had been asleep this half hour.

"E-e-e-e-r, u-m-m---ph!" Everyone jumps at attention for we recognize symptoms of a speech from George Urban. George was enjoying the glory and prosperity accruing from the development of the Eastern Shore into a fashionable resort that out-gloried the Florida bubble, which had recently burst, showering the country but not offering any towels to mop up the financial mess.

"I object to the havoc being wrought upon the walls of this beautiful edifice!" George's voice rang clear, and his finger pointed to the corner wherein hung pictures of the class of '26. There is seen a tall, long-haired individual scratching verses upon the wall with a bone chisel; he turns, and in spite of a well-trimmed professional beard, all recognize Bernard Donohue.

"Gentlemen, not another scene! Be calm!" This from the Reverend Thaler who, fearing another fray, has taken refuge behind the chairman's chair.

A very tall and stately person is seen peeling off his coat and rolling up his sleeves. "If there's another fight, I'll be there, always!" 'Pugnacious' Jack Cummings (Premier radio announcer of Radiodum, who is waited for nightly by countless fans on account of his soft (?) and gentle (?) voice) is on guard.

John A. Menton the big sawdust and two by four man of the East prevents further fistic seances by a movement for adjournment. (This, only after the combined efforts of three pages to stop his snoring).

The picture begins to fade, and the last words were from the Governor of New York to this effect: "Say, fellows, this one in true.!!!



Things Worth Seeing and Hearing

Peach in knickers.

"Mac" letting a chance to tell a story slip.

Max ignoring a chance to argue.

"Mickey" and "Dip" agreeing.

George Urban weighing in at 110.

"Duke Jawn" talking about someone else.

"Bishop" with his hands and ears still.

"Donny" with a haircut.

"Abbey" at a dance.

Jack Menton awake during Biology lecture.

"Shimmy" awake at any time.

"Sox" in a hurry.

Thaler on a party.

"Reggie" at home every night.

"Twardo" "getting out of" a copy for coming late.

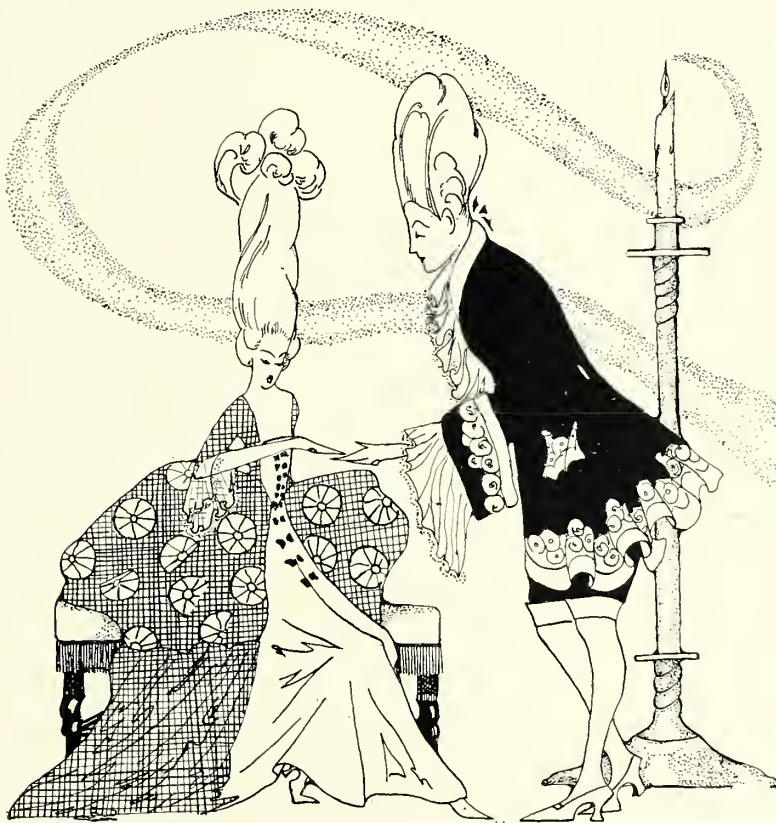
"Demmy" giving cigars to traffic cops.

Jack Cummings sitting up straight on Fridays.

"Doc" assenting to anything.



Ye Junior Class





The Junior Class

Joseph F. Arnold. Joseph is an unusual youth. Besides being both athletic and studious, he delights in the diversions of social events, a rare combination, which has been produced by education along liberal lines. Joe has earned the much coveted "L" together with the nickname "Jack Keefe", through his efforts on the baseball team. Basketball also attracts his attention. Playing center on the class team, he was reckoned one of the best in the league. Then, too, Joe is an able seaman and sails to all parts of the globe during the summer months.

John J. Blair. The smallest chap in our class, yet one whose list of friends rivals the Hudson River in length. He boasts that he knows no enemy, every man to him is a friend. And so it should be. John is always in an excellent humor; always ready to do one a favor; always generous in his praise and always willing to take human nature as he finds it. We have even heard that one day when his tire went flat and when the rain was actually pouring, he smiled and got out to make repairs, with the mere remark: "We're lucky at that, only one is punctured."

John B. Conway. Far down in the dim and distant past some clever observer conferred the name of "Happy" on this cherubic youth; and the name is now as much a part of him as his pitching arm. "Happy" is quite a figure at Loyola, and is regarded as an expert on "How they ran and why." He is also a two-letter man on the baseball nine and secretary of the Junior class. John is a driving power behind all class and school projects and should serve as a model for school spirit. To express a great deal about him in one short sentence, we might say that he is "left-handed yet lovable."

Joseph F. Drenga. Joe is one of the silent members of the class—verbally. He depends on his actions to speak louder than words. Whatever we undertake, we are always sure of his untiring co-operation. Joe also has athletic abilities of note; he justly merited a guard position on the All-Class League team. The few games the Junior class won, can be attributed to his accurate shooting. Joe is well up in all studies, but gives us to understand that philosophy, with him, is "passe" and that he intends giving his time to the advancement of Chemistry.

John W. Eckenrode. "Ecky" is our representative from the western section of the state, journeying some thirty miles daily from Westminster to this venerable seat of learning. His interest in athletics and other school activities, including studies, gives him an enviable position among his classmates. His timely criticisms and intelligent discussions on matters of social reform and national political issues, lead us to believe our esteemed classmate will win fame along these lines.

William C. Egan. There is **one** in every gathering, and the "Captain" is the **one** in our class. He possesses that happy faculty of creating smiles wherever he goes. "Have you heard this one?" and "Here's one I heard last night," are stock words with the above mentioned Captain, and the "ones" he hears are always good. Being vice-president of our class, captain of the Junior basketball team, a member of the Chatter Staff and Varsity Cheer Leader are the activities which take up a bit of Ben's time.

Frank Fairbank. A dapper youth is our "Doug." In fact he truly is to what he has often been likened—a social lion. But notwithstanding his interest in the gay and festive, and his ease in tripping the light fantastic, he has found time to imbibe a sufficient amount of philosophic knowledge, to place himself among the leaders of the class. Frank is also a valued and faithful contributor to the school paper and is looked upon as an authority on Freshman emotions.

Raymond F. Helfrich. We remember having read somewhere that every college has its hero. If this be true, then we must place upon this unsuspecting youth the title of "College Hero." "Shorty" has been an important factor in bringing the name of Loyola to the front. Time and again his prowess in athletics has earned him citations on the "All-Star" teams of the newspapers. Ray has been a star on the basketball squad since he entered college and a regular fly chaser on the nine for three seasons. We understand that he covers quite a bit of ground socially and that any dance or card party of importance is sure to find him very much present.

Joseph V. Jeppi. Joe's million dollar smile has won him the popularity he enjoys. He has a host of friends who regard him as a model fellow, and a man of rare capabilities. "Jep" is a poet of ability. In fact, there is not a day that passes, that he does not call upon his bosom friend, Dan Shanahan to scan his work with a critical eye. "Sticks" Whiteford, the "Third Musketeer," is the target for his philosophic clouts. But then, besides his intellectual ability Joe possesses an enviable reputation as an actor. Amateur theatricals have added another trophy to Joe's triumphal chariot.

Leo L. Kulacki. To discuss Luke's virtues and sing his praises is a subject worthy of our old friend Virgil, but then, since that venerable bard is not available, we will attempt in our poor way to enumerate a few of his qualities. Luke is a student by birth, a teacher by choice, a member of the class basketball team, and a charter member of the lunch-hour card club. We are told that Luke trips a wicked pasteboard, notwithstanding his knowledge of the arts and sciences. We might add for your information that this young man has also earned his letter on the cinder path.

Bernard M. Lochboehler. Bernard or "Lochy" as he is known hereabouts is highly regarded by his fellows. He is small in stature yet dynamic in expression and in the fullness of his knowledge. Oratory was his fort in Prep School and it is his distinguishing trait in college. The Lunch-time card club is his chief interest socially, and unless "Lochy" shuffles a deck a day, it is just another uneventful period to be banished from his memory.

Bernard M. McDermott. Here is one who needs no introduction to any of us interested in the affairs of the college. The fact that he is manager of the basketball team, chairman of the publicity committee and Staff Artist of the Chatter, can barely denote the popularity of this active member of the Junior Class. The "Dopester" possesses the enviable reputation of knowing a little about everything. "Mac" writes most of the articles on the sports page of the Chatter; and is always capable of aiding his fellow editors to complete their articles. Cicero could have said of "Mac" as he said of Milo, "It is easier to find worthy attributes for him than space to write about them."

Wilfred T. McQuaid. This young Canadian is one of the most popular men in the school. He has a nickname for every occasion, and the finest crop of red hair human eye has ever seen. "Pinkey", for this name is now in vogue, is a big man of small stature. On his shoulders is borne a heavy burden, Associate Editor of the Chatter (he had the distinction of personally editing several issues) and Assistant Manager of baseball. Wilfred, for when we refer to the student, we use his real name, is a litterateur of repute; his opinion on books is absolutely the last word. Upon his approval the popularity of the work is assured, upon his disapproval, it is doomed.

John P. Ryan. The silver-tongued orator of Loyola College. He is justly entitled to this reputation, having demonstrated his ability, by carrying off the oratorical medal last May. In a style characteristic of the thoroughbred, he allowed his opponents the opportunity to sway the audience; then with the decision of the judges hanging over him, John took the rostrum and rode to victory on the spell-binding wave of logic and oratory, a feat worthy of Cicero and characteristic of our brilliant, carefree Irishman. It is rumored that John has a way with the ladies. But then, this is merely a rumor.

Daniel S. Shanahan. Daniel Steven Shanahan. One would say it is easy to write about Dan, but believe us, it is not. He possesses so many great and magnanimous qualities, we can scarcely enumerate even a few in this limited space. Dan is most unassuming, affable, and sincere. To use other words would detract—because Dan is our model. Never was there a more ardent fire of school spirit and fight, than that which consumes the breast of our Dan. In his high school days, he captained the football team in his senior year—Loyola College this year has singularly honored him, by placing upon his brow the title of football captain for 1927. Congratulations, Dan!

John R. Spellisy. "He stands out among his fellows," was once said about this chap and every one in Loyola will verify the statement. He is the kind of man we read about but seldom meet; the kind that can do any number of things at the same time, and do them all well. "Organization is the secret of success," says John. His attention is now directed to the supervision of the following offices: Assistant Prefect of the Sodality, President of the Junior Class, Circulation Manager of the Chatter, Student Manager of Athletics, and President of the Catholic Review League, which organizes parochial school athletics. His epitaph will surely read "A life dedicated to organization."

Adolph J. Svitak. The smiling Adolph is another important cog in the great machine called Junior, for Adolph is the boy who handles the finances of the class. We understand that he is also treasurer of the card club. From this, we gather his favorite color is green. Adolph is also adept at "rubbing" the fiddle and more than once the melodious strains of his instrument have soothed our ears as we danced to the music of the college orchestra. To add to his fame gained in other lines, he is also an honor student.

Vincent J. Tomalski. Vincent Tomalski, otherwise known as "Harry," is an earnest student and hard worker—seems to grow stouter upon "Lab" periods and extra studies. Modesty is his fort, even his skill at basketball was a secret until we discovered his ability, when organizing the class team. When you want shouting, don't go to "Harry," but when you want

work, let "Harry" do it! We do not know what this young man's calling in life shall be, but we predict a brilliant future for him in the profession of his choice.

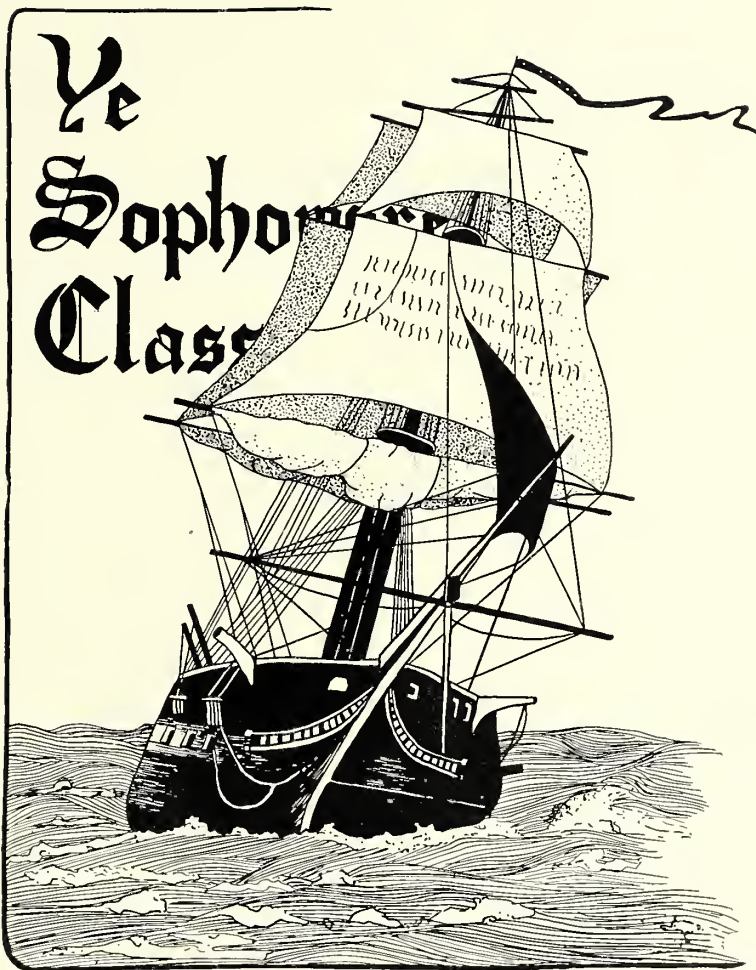
Irving L. Watkins. Irving L. Watkins, our impetuous dancing master. There was never a dance at High School or College upon which "Irv" has not been consulted. His ideas of music and work are indeed enemies, that is, he is a "Jazz" hound which of course means work comes second. When "Irv" abandoned his craze for the piano, we settled back for a peaceful half hour, but alas, he now tortures all the saints with his "sax." When we really stop kidding, Irving is an immensely likable chap, and his host of friends attest to his good nature.

William J. Wojcik. "Wuzzy", for this is the name by which he is most generally known, is a man who is not satisfied with ordinary things. His motto, "No matter what you do, do well," conforms with his every action. High marks in studies, high notes on the Clarinet, and an ambition toward higher education, attest his interest in higher things. He even carries this attitude to his noon-day pastime—high cards are the answer to his plea. Lofty chap, eh, what? We have not been asked to predict this young man's future, but we drop the hint that time will find Wojcik and Scientific Authority synonymous.

Lingard I. Whiteford. Hail to Fullerton that produced such an amiable character as "Sticks"! What would have become of our prom; our basketball team, and all our successful activities, had some other college claimed our luminary? It is in the midst of controversy, when factional strife rages, that Whiteford is the man of the hour. It is then that he brings into play his ability of pacifist and leader. Lingard completes that *quondam* *Medic triumvirate*, that now enhances Junior, Shanahan, the athlete superb, Jeppi, the poet and Beau Brummel, Whiteford, the Consummation of the two.

William G. Zemaitis. "Zep" is the largest and withal the most inconspicuous member of our noble gang. We seldom see much of Zep after lectures, but he makes his presence known from the back of the philosophy class, when he booms his deep sentiments of Pragmatism, Idealism, etc. It has been several years since we saw our "wee Willie" cavorting about as a pigskin chaser, from which pastime, a knee injury retired him in the heyday of his career. Despite his affability and generosity, he is a serious chap, so much so, that Chemistry formulae and Physics problems are a source of interest to him.







The Sophomore Glass

Bullen, W. J. Bill is one of our basketball luminaries. His fame as a body checker in this sport is attested by those who were unfortunate enough to draw him as an opponent. He also played on the line in the Freshman-Sophomore battle. Ask the "Frosh". With all his prowess in sports, he is numbered among the leaders of scholastic endeavor.

Bowersox, G. "Smiling Jerry," our contribution to the oratorical profession. His only logical rival, seriously, would be Demosthenes; and if a word bout could be arranged between the two, the Greek would be asked to give his pebbles to Jerry, otherwise our orator would easily triumph.

Brooks, J. H.—Hollins comes to us from St. Charles College. He was a sparkler on the class grid team; however, he does not regard this as worth while, but would rather be known as the only lad in the class who can stand up and laugh at you when you scratch one of his text books with a penknife.

Byrne, P. E. College football star "par excellence"; college basketball star incomparable; college baseball star superb. Student, speaker, worker, *et al.* In short, the perfect college man.

Killian, W. F. Our esteemed President, admired by all. A lad who does all he can for Loyola, and for each member of the student body. An Editor of the school paper and President of our debating society.

Desmond, J. "Desprit Des"; daring, dashing hero of many grid battles. "When he hits 'em, they lay." Jimmy comes to us with the reputation of a "Home Run King." We are just a little anxious to see him hit 'em this way.

Sullivan, D. Dan is another of our grid stars, one who is in the thickest of the fray from whistle to whistle. Dan is also considered as one of Loyola's best orators.

O'Connell, J. A real "gridironer," ironing 'em flat as they try to get around his end; seldom misses a forward, a sure tackler and speedy.

Enright, J. "Happy's" activities extend to the diamond, the court, and the gridiron. He performs capably in each branch of sport; and as a speaker, his ability is recognized by all.

Mitchell, O. "Mitch" is our most unassuming contribution to athletics. This diminutive lad is one of the most capable quarterbacks in the state; he is a sure shot on the basketball team, and seldom misses on the diamond. Unless you see him play his worth is not appreciated, for "Mitch" never speaks of his accomplishments.

Mills, B. Brindley is the "All-American" organist. Draws ecclesiastical melodies from the organ at all the services in the Chapel. Always smiling. (The writer of this offers a reward of three bales of Russian rubles to anyone who can honestly say he ever saw Brindley angry.) Brindley is also our Vice-President.

Donnelly, J. Joe is our Cerebus of the strong box. His favorite fruit is horehound, with which wholesome and nutritious food he keeps us well supplied.

Tribbe, Ed. In our opinion the brightest light in Irvington (intellectually speaking). We could write a book on Eddie's intellectual accomplishments, but he is modest and we too. He is our scribe.

Kavanaugh, J. Jim's surname is enough; but according to the latest edition of Welzant's "Who's Who," he is an "Eyetailian" and an eminent wrestler. A star on the class basketball team. Another member of the "Always Smiling Club."

Roberto, F. Frank and Mussolini are boon companions. He boils an age-old adage down to: "When in Rome do as Mussolini says." Frank is an artist of no mean ability; and we here advise Nell Brinkley, Chandler Christy and Fay King to look to their laurels.

Sweitzer, J. Jack bears his moniker with the "holey" cheese. He is a witty lad and anyone who talks with him ten minutes and does not laugh the whole time, is a confirmed grouch. Jack starred on the class football team.

Schapp, F. Frank is the Varsity pitcher, and the only really dangerous batters he can't strike out are Cobb and Menton. Frank won the Soph-Frosh game with a sixty-yard dash for a touchdown.

Tanton, G. George is recognized as the best first baseman in state college ranks. It's too bad that the reporters did not see all the football games, else they would have termed him as the scrappiest halfback in collegiate circles.

Simpson, J. Jack is a tackle on the Green and Gray Warriors. It sure is a grand sight to see him wade through the opposition and toss them for a loss.

McHugh, L. Boog's a track star, a substitute on the football team, a swimmer, besides being an all-around good fellow. He is always happy, ever willing to help a fellow student and for this reason is well liked and admired.

Wasilifsky, A. Adolph is a track man, a debater and is recognized as a star in all scholastic endeavor. He tied Matalis for first place in Mathematics.

Montgomery. "Monty" was the captain of our class football team, and a capable forward on the class basketball team.

Gray, T. Tommy is a firm follower of Greely's advice, "Go West, young man." And he is going. Harold Lloyd had better "hump," else Tommy will be the drawing card in moviedom.

Ferciot, N. The space allotted forbids an enlargement on Nat's achievements. It is enough to say that he scintillates on the gridiron and shows great skill in the tank. An honor man in the classroom and afield.

O'Brien, J. "Obie" is a debater of wide repute. Played a prominent part at end in our victory over the Frosh. McGraw and Obie have an interest in common—both are managers of ball teams. We hope that "Obie" has the same wide success as "Jawn."

Welzant, J. Joe is one of our P.A.L.'s. Though a fine basketball player, his art lies in the nimble one of self-defense. Boxing is Joe's pastime, and the run he gave his shadow at the Sophs' class night was a treat.

Myer. Silence is golden" easily fits this lad. Quiet and unassuming in his class work, his proficiency upon the rostrum is commendable.

Matalis. Another luminary who carried off the honors in the Sophomore fray. The dash and pepper characterizing him on the gridiron, does so in "Lab," for he knows his chemicals.

Donaher, J. Although this young man entered our ranks at the second semester, he easily made the grade and was soon up among the leaders. A true scholar in all his undertakings.

Gedra, J. Joe is the pride of Lexington Street and in like manner the pride of Sophomore. He showed up to advantage on the class basketball team. The following shows Joe in his true light: "When the things you've planned need a helping hand, I'll be there, always."

T.N.F. '28.

W.F.K. '28





CAMPUS

FRESH





The Freshman Class

Joseph A. Belz. "Sleepy boy Joe," as he is called by his classmates, is "all business" when he wakes up. For reference, ask Joe Blair whom he boxed when the Freshmen held their Class Night. Joe also wields a wicked pen in literary circles.

John R. Bibby. Johns' line is making puns and playing football. He could, without exaggeration, be called the best liked man in the class. But Johns' strong point is absorbing food, to which Mr. Ryan and all who went to Georgetown will testify.

Joseph E. Blair. Joe has won many a friend by his cheerful smile and good disposition. When energy was handed out, he received more than his share. He is never happy unless working, and he is always happy.

Elmer J. Borgmeier. What a pleasure it is to hail our old friend "Scribby." "Helmer, with the rough breathing," as he is termed by his friends, has always proven himself a loyal son of Loyola. A football, basketball and ladies' man. That's "Scribby."

George T. Bowling. Most wise men don't have much to say. George Bowling is one of the type. And we have no doubt that some day he will be numbered among famous men. Serious and good-natured, George has ever shone in his class work.

J. Arnold Boyd. Arnold's unassuming mien attracted us the day he came into our midst. Though small of stature he was the star player of the Freshmen Five and had the honor of being the leading point scorer of the entire league.

William Bunting. He is liked by his classmates and the rest of the school. His pleasing personality wins all, especially the ladies. And when they get him, "Big Bad Bill" is "Sweet William."

Thomas Coyle. Here is Lon Chaney's only rival, the hunchback of Loyola, but he would rather be the same at Notre Dame (over yonder). Mentioning musicians, we can't help but place him first. But watch the woodpeckers, Tom!

James J. Curry. They say that "still water runs deep" and this is "Jim" all over. He has proved it by his versatility in the national game of "pitch." Quiet and unassuming, Jim has won many friends by his cheerful disposition.

John E. Doyle. John has finished his fifth year of Loyola activity, having entered Loyola College after a four-year career at the High School. John bids fair to be a successful business man, as he is already engaged after school hours.

Frank Dudley. Frank hails from the wilds of Philadelphia where men are barbarous and bloodthirsty. He plays end on the Varsity football team and forward on the basketball team. However, Frank's greatest achievement was the coaching of the Champion Freshman Basketball Team.

Edmond J. Fick. "Ed," one of these higher intelligence individuals, overlooks everybody in the class, but is overlooked by none, not even Pick. He is a perspiring football and basketball man, and was the choice for center on the All-Class Basketball Team.

Thomas P. Fitzgerald. Thomas P. Fitzgerald, commonly known as "Fitz," was born and raised in Philadelphia. Although schooled at St. Patricks' and La Salle in Philadelphia, Mt. St. Mary's at Emmitsburg and now at Loyola, we can truthfully say that "Fitz" has never been anywhere.

John J. Gould. From the verdant fields of East Baltimore, John daily brings with him his broad smile and unruffled disposition; and those who know him are sure that his heart is in proportion to the rest of his ample frame.

Thomas J. Grogan, Jr. A human dynamo is as accurately as we can describe him. The office of Class Treasurer is filled perfectly by "Our Tom." Tom is known to all as an optimistic diplomat—and that is why we like him.

John Hanley. John is Towson's pride. Besides, he is an active member in all class activities, having played on the Freshman football and basketball teams. Best of luck to you in your next three years, John.

Joseph F. Healey. Joe's outstanding characteristic is his personality. He seems to have an innate faculty for making friends. It consists in a peculiar depth and sincerity of character, concealed by a pleasant, almost nonchalant disposition. Endowed with these assets, Joe seems destined for success.

Leo R. Hanrahan. Leo, our "fat boy," does his best to be worthy of the name "Freshmen." Tragedies have been dramatized, comedies have been enacted, stories have been told, but "rattle! bang!" there he goes with his "gas wagon." Thus shall he always be remembered.

James P. Kelly. "Lefty" Kelly is the versatile athlete of the Freshman class. His nimbleness and agility of foot also make him the idol of the dancing floor. His appellation of "Lefty" is a source of mystery to the Freshman Class.

Henry J. Knott. "Reds," as he is called, has the reputation that has always been his. His jovial good nature and pleasant wit have continually inspired his associates. We have no doubt that his success will be as great as his popularity.

Joseph A. Kunkle. "Got-a-cigarette?" Yes, boys, that's our Joseph, up to his old tricks again. His Christmas tins of Lucky Strikes have "given out." Besides "borrowing" smokes, Joe is still keeping the boys smiling with his jokes and wise observations.

Frank T. Mace. Frank's imperturbable disposition makes him the master of all difficulties. His friends are innumerable and his enemies none. Besides being our President, he is a student of reputed ability. He shone on the class football and basketball teams.

Henry J. Mackall. Let us introduce to you a modest and inscrutable gentleman. "Swift-foot," as we call him, was a sterling halfback on the Varsity Football Squad. We wish Harry success in his three remaining years, as this year was one of glory for him.

Bernard T. McGowan. "Mac," a sturdy Western Maryland mountaineer, came to us this year and has manfully shouldered the duties of the Freshman Class. Although a friend of only a few months, he is undoubtedly one of Freshman's truest and most loyal students.

Richard McGrann. "Dick," as he is known to his companions, entered Loyola from Calvert Hall, and to say that he made good would be putting it mildly. His cheery disposition and good humor made him popular with his fellow students from the start.

John D. MacLaughlin. "Denny," a former student at St. Charles, has won a place in the hearts of us all by his many witty sayings and by his good sportsmanship. Keep it up, John, and your college course will be a sure success.

T. Leonard McNamara. "Champ," one of our imported scholars, hails from Washington, Indiana. A wit of great renown, he is known and liked by the Faculty (?) as well as the student body. They say he is also much admired elsewhere.

John J. McNichol. John is another of the famous McNichol family. His good work on the football and baseball field brought about his distinction, and his "zippy" line of chatter and cheerful disposition have made him popular among his classmates.

Joseph McNichol. Joe, better known as "Red," always wears that welcome smile. He excels in Math. and football. "Red" was the Varsity line-smashing fullback and his play has often won the plaudits of the "crowd."

Hugh A. Meade. Hugh is one of those mortals gifted with, among other things, that convincing manner, which enables him to talk himself past the battery of doormen and ushers at a theatre into a box, or to sell Christmas trees to Cohens.

Joseph A. Moran. Joe hails from the hills of Raspeburg. He is renowned for his stentorian voice with which he argues on any and every subject. His greatest ambition as a Freshman was realized when he represented Loyola on the team which debated Georgetown.

Charles Mosser. This husky youth, by his modesty and humility, has made friends of all during his Freshman year at Loyola. Charles displayed a sterling brand of football while playing on the Varsity last year. Keep it up, Charles!

Joseph A. Murphy. "Palmolive Pat," the "hustlin'" star forward of the Frosh Five. This is only one of Pat's attributes, for he is not only the captain of the Frosh team but is an "original captain," which when translated means "an excellent student."

Louis J. O'Donnell. A loyal Loyola man, seaman and reporter. But alas! Gloom has overwhelmed an otherwise bright future for "Louie." He has recently acquired a "Baby Lincoln" and, if we may predict the future from the past—why, there won't be any future.

Charles F. Pick. "Charlie, my boy" is the Varsity cheer leader. He is not only prominent at Loyola but also at the school across the way, and is always ready to "tickle a tune" for his fellow collegians and—any others.

Herbert Quigley. Philadelphian, student, athlete, that's Herb, and a great devotee of the Charleston. Another secret—"Quig" is the "Elinor Glyn" of the campus, he knows more about the wiles of the "gabby sex" than Cleopatra ever did. Why the diary, Herb?

Clarence Rodgers. To those who do not know him he is Clarence, but to his intimates he is "Cockey." A fine athlete, a regular on the baseball and basketball teams, he is known for his scholarly tendencies, athletic ability, excellent nature and good looks.

L. Raymond Schmid. This "bon homme" hails from Philadelphia. Besides playing guard on our football team, he is the best mathematician in the Freshman class and under Fr. Crawford's tutelage he should develop into another Archimedes.

Bernard Shea. "Bunny" is our bean boy from Boston. Besides eating all the beans at "the house," as the boarders say, he is a capable quarterback, forward and third baseman on the Varsity teams. Above all, he is good-looking and unmarried. Girls, don't rush!

Robert L. Slingluff. Debater, student, good fellow. Supreme in all three of these branches, Bob has endeared himself to the hearts of his fellow students. Another of his ambitions is "sheiking," and in doing that, he certainly is the answer to some maiden's prayer.

Philip T. Sybert. "Phil" is an all-around sport, whether on a dance floor or the basketball court, whether in the classroom or the clubroom. He owes his good health, he admits, to his daily sprints for the Tooner-ville Trolley from Elkridge.

Bernard L. Talley. On the Freshman roster stands the name of Talley. It stands for an itinerant nature having insatiable proclivities toward the Metropolis and the Nation's Capitol. In short, it stands for the man who, on the night of the Class Smoker, shot "Dangerous Dan McGrew."



PRE-



MEDICAL



Pre-Med.

Pius Adams. Pius Adams, better known as "Pie," is one of the best known and most liked of the pre-meds. His genial smile and good will are known to all. He is striving hard toward the coveted M.D., and is very likely to succeed if the ladies will allow him to do so. Good luck, Pius.

Bruno Agnelli. Bruno, as he is known to his fellow classmen, represents the New York element at Loyola. Although not a card sharp, as most pre-meds are, he gambles with the feminine sex and usually wins. Bruno hopes to sport his M.D. in '31. We hope so, too.

J. E. L. Bradley. The above gentleman of many initials is known as "Ed" for short. Ed holds forth at Ellicott City, Maryland, that thriving, metropolis on the banks of the Patapsco River. Both he and his ancient "Dodge" are well known to all Loyola men. He is the genius of the French class and vies with Pius Adams for honors.

Floyd Coleman. This young man, known as "Diz," carried away all honors while at Loyola High School, it is said. Floyd has ambitions, and that is the reason we may often see him diligently perusing his textbooks to and from school in his "J. G. Brill." The last semester finds him making a strong finish and bidding for a place in the race. Go to it, Floyd.

Joseph J. Pfaff. The blond giant of East Baltimore is showing up well in all branches and although he is not a class leader, Joe holds his own with the best of them. Joe is of the quiet sort, but ever ready to join in the fun. His glowing smile and good nature are known to every student at Evergreen.

Henry J. Sweeney. "Hen" Sweeney, the Fordham flash, is an energetic young man with high ideals. He is the only pre-med of Yankee ancestors and is proud of it. He likes Baltimore, but thinks it a little slow. We hope he will be back at school next year to continue the good work, which he has begun.

Ludwig V. Kauders. "Lud" is the Beau Brummel of the school. Unlike most of this type, no one has ever accused him of snobbishness. He has gained quite a reputation for himself as an amateur actor, and from all reports, if his ability as a "medico" can measure up to his ability before the footlights, he is sure to be one of Baltimore's leading M.D.'s.

William Fuhrman. This former student of Johns Hopkins came to Loyola to complete his pre-med course. Bill has always been numbered among the intelligentsia at school. He is to enter medical school next fall to begin the work for which he is so well fitted. Au revoir, Bill, with our best wishes for your success.

Henry F. Miller. "Mill," as he is known, is plugging along with his matter and trying hard to be near the top in all his classes. He does well in sciences, but French seems to be his Waterloo. He is an ardent card fan and may be found most any time playing the pasteboards. If he can keep up the stride, which he has set, there is no doubt as to his success in the professional field.



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The Evergreen Chatter



AMONG other things begun at Loyola this year was one literary effort of the students which has become an institution worthy of the College which name it bears and a credit to the staff. It is the Evergreen Chatter. As far as we know it is the first attempt of its kind to meet with success.

In the latter part of October, The Evergreen Chatter made its initial appearance on the campus. Its varied assortment of literary works offers to the most discriminate reader a wide field from which to satisfy his appetite for letters.

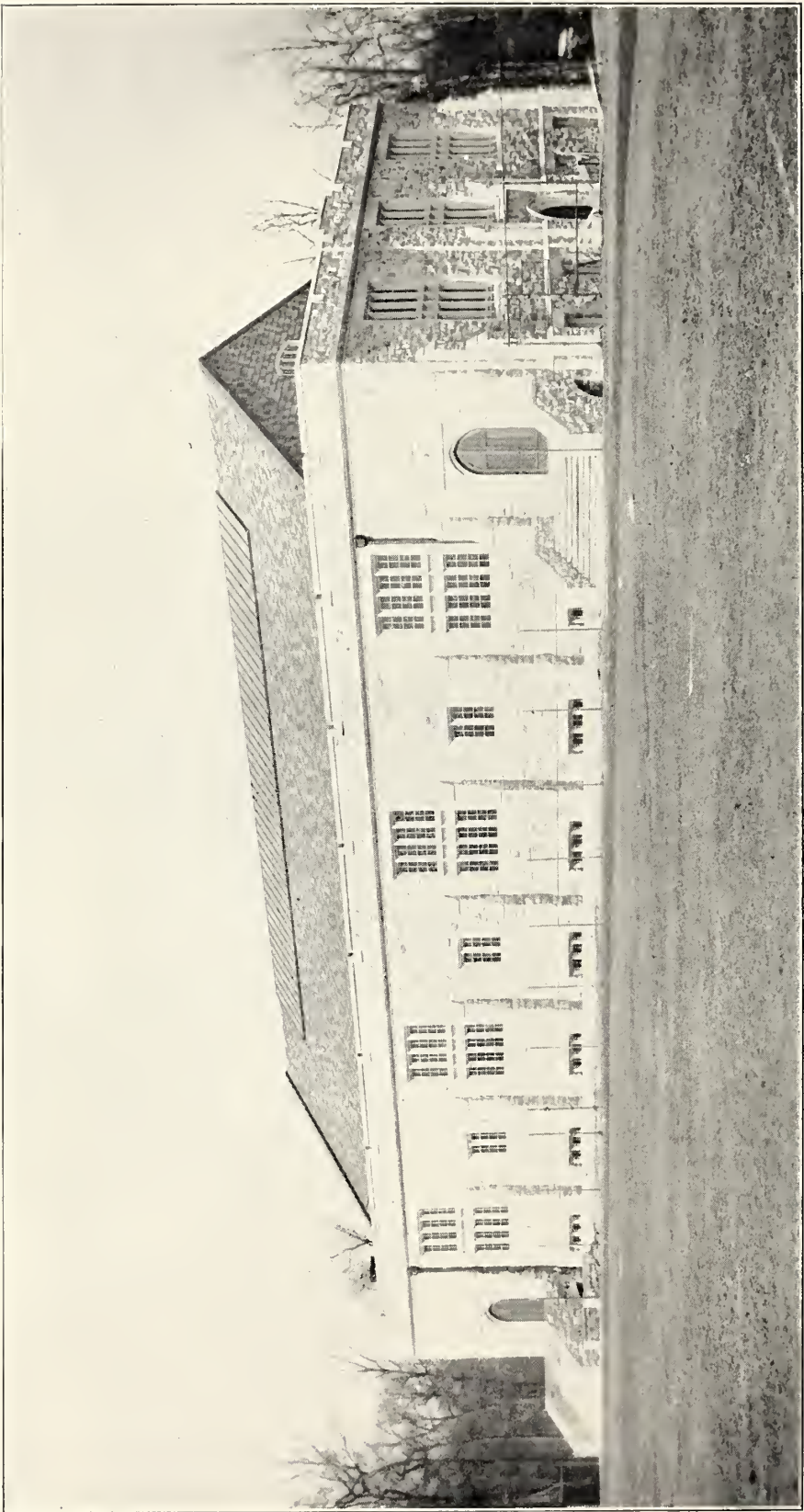
The Alumni have a considerable portion of space devoted to their activities as a body, including interesting letters received from far distant members. Their recent banquet held at the Emerson Hotel on April the twenty-second, with Judge Eugene O'Dunne as the principal speaker was only one of the many interesting items found in this column. A letter of Mr. Joseph Manns, '24, an ecclesiastical student at the American College in Rome, is freighted with vivid and interesting descriptions of events in the Imperial City.

These accounts of the Alumni are often found besides the happenings of the Jenkin's Debating Society. This society's recent debate with the White Debating Society of Georgetown College is but one instance of activities which this paper has promoted.

The heavy affairs of state give way to the class smokers, tea dances and proms which are surpassed in their frequency at school only by the weekly holiday. Behind all this there is a capable staff directed by a worthy and tried leader. The ability of Mr. McWilliams as its Editor-in-Chief has accounted in no small part for the success of this paper. The energetic and promising Mr. Wilfred McQuaid, an Associate Editor, has repeatedly displayed signs that will place his name on the same plane with H. L. Mencken and F. Scott Fitzgerald.

That this paper is firmly established, we believe to be true; that it has come to stay, there can be no doubt. Such pioneers in a movement like this deserve success. May all their future endeavors terminate as well as their first!





The Alumni Gymnasium



URING the past year Loyola saw the addition of a new unit to her growing number of buildings. It is one that is of great importance when we consider the maxim of Cicero: "*mens sana in corpore sano.*" The Alumni Gymnasium stands near the northeastern corner of our spacious campus. The building is constructed of Beaver Dam marble and is Tudor-Gothic in design.

The cornerstone was laid on Commencement Day in 1925, with appropriate ceremonies. Mr. F. X. Brady, a former Loyola man, delivered the principal address. His speech was followed by a few timely remarks by our President, Rev. Joseph A. McEneaney, S.J., after which the cornerstone was placed in position. Slowly but surely, progress was made, until in January of this year, the athletic activities in the Gymnasium were inaugurated with a basketball game between the Varsity and the "Old-Timers." The formal opening of the building took place on the evening of January twentieth, when a dance was held by the Athletic Association.

The external beauty of the structure immediately impresses all; the interior we may say, is no less striking. The dressing rooms in the basement are spacious and comfortable, while the shower rooms, fitted with every convenience accommodate thirty or more men. The main floor is well lighted and provides space for two basketball courts. The construction of bleacher seats will provide accommodations for three thousand fans.

Together with facilities for sport the Gymnasium offers an ideal place for dances and social gatherings, a want hitherto much felt by our rapidly increasing Student-body.

We indeed feel proud to a man, proud of our Gymnasium, proud of our Alumni who, numbering scarcely four thousand, are to our knowledge the only Graduate Association who have of themselves devoted a building to their Alma Mater. The Gymnasium stands a lasting tribute to their generosity—Alumni, we are grateful.



Sodality of The B. V. M.

Moderator

REVEREND ROBERT H. JOHNSON, S.J.

Prefect

ROBERT M. LYON, '26

Secretary

JAMES F. ENRIGHT, '28

Assistant Prefect

RAYMOND J. HELFRICH, '27

Treasurer

EDWARD W. TRIBBE, '28

Organist

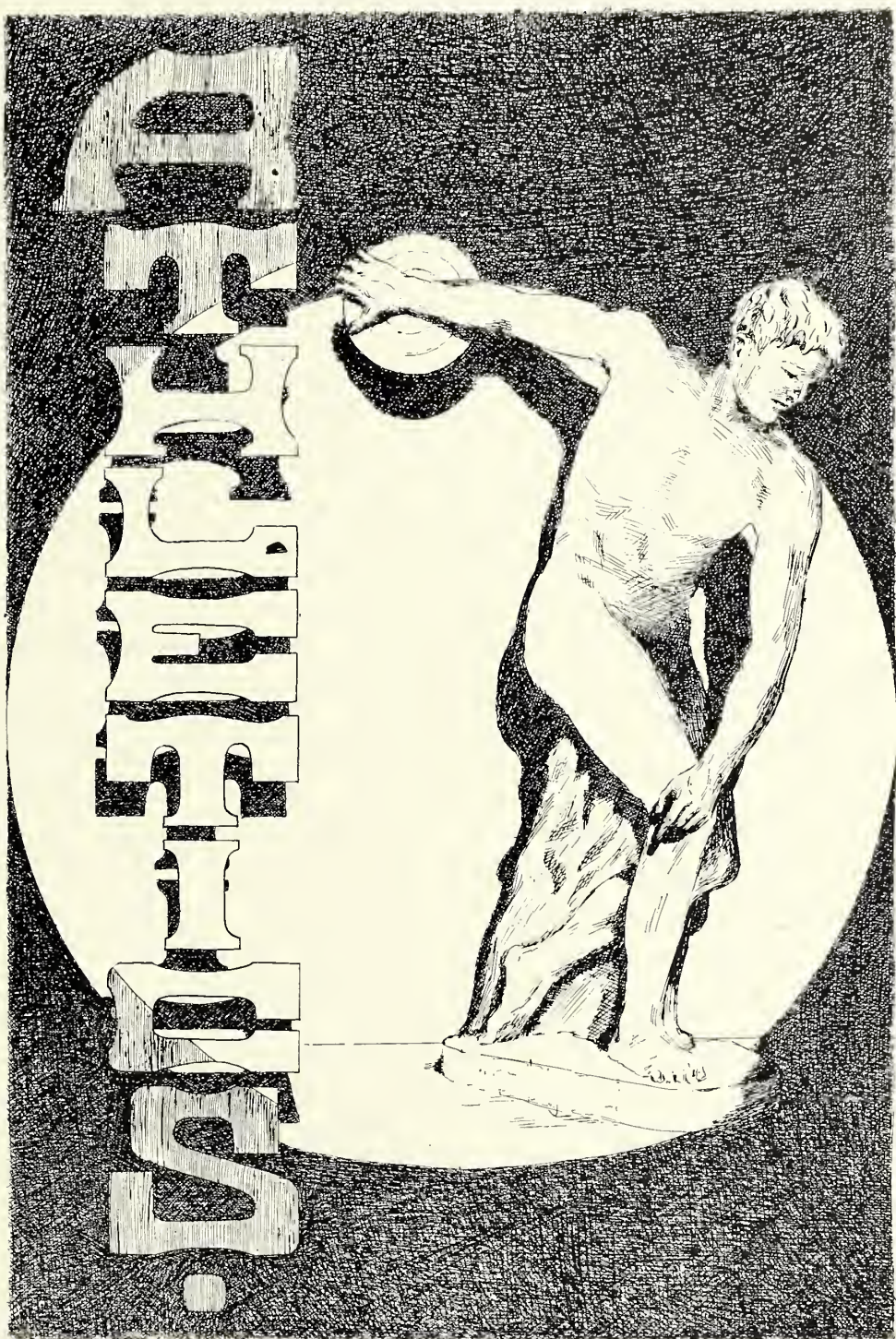
BRINDLEY J. MILLS, '28



NOT the least among the student activities at Loyola is the Sodality of the Blessed Virgin Mary, Mother of God. Here, as everywhere where this great world-wide organization exists, young men flock around Mary's feet as children around their mother. Nowhere, we venture to say, is a larger proportion of the student body, considering our small number, enrolled under Mary's banner than at Loyola; for out of one hundred names on the college roster, more than one half are inscribed on the Sodality record.

The weekly meeting is held on Thursday afternoon. Rain or shine the attendance has always been gratifying. A hymn in Mary's honor, a ten minute discourse on some virtue of our Heavenly Mother, her Litany and Memorare, are among the pious outpourings of the hearts that love her. The memories which, we are sure, will ever cluster around the happy thoughts of these weekly meetings of our College days, in honor of our beloved Queen, can not but be, in the storm and stress of after life, a staff to our hand and a lamp to our feet, to guide and strengthen us in our endeavor to remain true children of our glorious Mother.








MR. STANLEY B. COFALL
Director of Athletics.

Stanley B. Gofall

HE miracle man of Catholic High is gone but not forgotten! Was the send-off which Stanley B. Cofall received in the Philadelphia Inquirer, March 25, 1925, when it was announced that he had signed as athletic director of Loyola College. To us who have known him but one short year, he has proven himself a man of exceptional capabilities and worthy of the title which Philadelphia bestowed upon him. Director Cofall is an impressive figure. An excellent physical specimen, clear-eyed, easy-speaking, you can see at a glance why he was a star on the Notre Dame eleven for three seasons, and why he was selected on the All-American teams of both Walter Camp and Walter Eckersall for 1915 and 1916. He has inspired in our athletes a spirit which makes them win or lose, fighting in true Loyola style. He has proven himself a magnetic leader and a colorful coach. His system has been patterned after that of his famous tutor, Knute Rockne. With strict emphasis placed on many of its phases, Stan Cofall has made it understood that he admires and encourages the man who plays hard and fair, and that dirty or rough playing and unsportsmanlike tactics will not be tolerated.

Our athletic director has won the favor of the entire student body by his keen display of interest not only in athletic but also in social activities. He has opened the way to inter-class competition by organizing the class basketball league; it was through his efforts that the student publication, The Chatter, was inaugurated; and he is never so busy that he cannot spare a few minutes to counsel and encourage activities which will make for a greater Loyola.

The first team which represented Loyola, under Mr. Cofall's direction was fast and clever, and rendered a good account of itself in all its games, notwithstanding the handicap of having but few capable substitutes. However, even though the season was not as successful as the coach had hoped, the name of "Fighting Irish" which the newspapers christened our eleven is, in itself, a tribute to his prowess.

His time is now taken up with baseball and the team which he has placed on the diamond is the best that has sported Loyola's colors.

The efforts of our director have, in the opinion of all, been crowned with success. His schedule for the coming football season is one which Loyola could have never attempted in former years. His plans in other athletic branches are progressive and promising. And Loyola is with him, to a man is behind him, supporting him in his every undertaking, wishing him every success.



The Football Season



IN THE past year we have witnessed the dawn of a new era in athletics at Loyola. In the spring of 1925, Mr. Stanley B. Cofall, Notre Dame, '17 was selected by the Alumni to establish Loyola in the athletic world, to make her the Notre Dame of the East. The coaching of the team would not be so difficult for a man, who for two years had been chosen as All-American halfback; but to establish football on a firm basis in a school, which was new to the gridiron game, was a task few men would undertake. Notwithstanding these obstacles, Mr. Cofall bent every effort to the huge task.

Spring practice was inaugurated to insure a flying start for the coming fall season. Twenty men reported and they were drilled in the same tactics, which have brought such success to that enviable coach, Knute Rockne. At the end of the school year, when his candidates left, Mr. Cofall turned his efforts towards preparing for the fall. Training quarters must be procured, new and promising material must be sought, and interest must be aroused among the Alumni and grounded in the student body, to lend a hand to our teams in their giant endeavors. The Kernwood estate was procured, and after detailed preparations, the mansion was ready for use as training quarters.

The new coach next set out on his search for material. Naturally, he turned to the Catholic High School of Philadelphia, whose teams he had led to the High School Championship of that city. He collected a husky and ambitious group of stars and drilled them in the Notre Dame style of play. When the student body returned in late September, the team was in excellent physical condition and eagerly awaited the first game.

Villa Nova opened our schedule at the stadium but the lads from Pennsylvania, coached by the famous Stuhldreher, plowed through our light squad to a substantial victory. The lack of confidence displayed in this game was attributed to their inexperience in College football, rather than to any lack of ability or of training. In our next game the soldiers from the Tank School were encountered, and though we tasted of the sweets of victory, all our efforts were characterized as mechanical, for there was a woeful lack of dash and pep. The coach saw this defect, and immediately took pains to correct it. The next two games produced results. When we traveled to Philadelphia to meet St. Joseph's College, there was a change of morale. The game brought out the kind of spirit that would carry most teams to victory, but the gods of fortune deemed otherwise.

The following week we were the guests of Washington College and poor guests we were; the "Sho'" men were given a bad scare and only in the last few minutes did they succeed in snatching the laurels from us. The next entertained was Western Maryland at the Stadium, but the State Champs were favored by the elements. Our light and speedy offense was lost in the muddy sea, while their heavy and speedy backs charged our goal for a series of touchdowns.

The following week we traveled to Schuylkill and here we met a team that seemed to play as if inspired. When the smoke of battle cleared away, we were again frowned upon by the Goddess of Victory. Our first collegiate victory of the year was won over Gallaudet, for although the

score was tied on two occasions, the final whistle found our team ahead by two touchdowns. The Catholic Championship was lost to Mt. St. Marys at Homewood Field in the farewell game of the season. Although the team fought bravely, the husky mountaineers from Emmitsburg held the upper hand throughout. This closed the season with two victories and six losses.

Although we lost the majority of our games, the past season may be considered successful. We have a foundation for a splendid team in the next two years, as graduation will not cut into our ranks for at least three years. Too much praise cannot be given our worthy Coach for this, his first year at Loyola. Credit also is due Manager William Bowersox, '26, for his untiring efforts in behalf of the team. Indeed, to mention football at Loyola without remembering Sox's name is impossible.

Among the players, those deserving of special mention are: Captain Bill Bunting, tackle, and Harry Mackall, halfback, both of Catholic High; "Joe" McNichol, fullback, and James "Desprit" Desmond, center, of Mt. St. Mary's; George "Lank" Tanton, halfback, and Captain-elect Shanahan, end, of Loyola.

Every new enterprise meets difficulties, and we have experienced ours in placing this, our first real team, upon the gridiron. We have built a strong foundation, so let us build higher each year with this game always in view, "Notre Dame in '28."



The Basketball Season



HE past Basketball season has seen Loyola reach a much coveted goal. The followers of the team were jubilant when our five was crowned "Champions of Maryland." Winning eleven and losing three, the team was chosen unanimously by newspaper men to wear the mythical crown emblematic of State Collegiate Championship.

When the first call for candidates was issued by Coach Bill Scheurholz, the thought uppermost in the minds of all was that Loyola should capture the Collegiate Championship of Maryland. Having our own "Gym" was an added incentive. The ten men who composed the squad worked hard and faithfully. The veterans, Captain Cummings, Menton, Helfrich and Byrne formed the nucleus of the team. The newcomers were: Dudley, Bunting, Shea, Enright and Mitchell of football fame, and "Cocky" Rodgers of last year's Championship Calvert Hall Team.

Captain Cummings, a veteran star of three years experience, easily surpassed all candidates for the pivot-position. Not only by his ability to outjump all comers, but by his tenacious spirit, Jack justified the confidence placed in him. Menton and Byrne, experienced veterans, won out in the fight for the guard positions. After much consideration, Dudley, Helfrich and Mitchell were posted for the forward berths. Here was a team composed of veterans who could endure the strain of a strenuous season and finish in a whirlwind. Here was a team that fought to the last whistle for Loyola, and it was this spirit that carried them to the State Championship. The rest of the squad filled a need long felt at Loyola, namely, that of capable substitutes. For a chain is as strong as its weakest link, and we are aware that this department did not measure up to standard in former years. This year's galaxy of stars, however, made possible many substitutions, whose energy carried us on to the glorious heights of victory culminating in the Championship of the State.

Before we give praise to any individual, our thoughts turn to the men behind the scenes, the men through whose efforts the team was able to attain such success. "Bill" Scheurholz, our able Coach, has been a figure in Loyola athletics for sixteen years, and in that time he has developed some of the greatest court luminaries in this section. We therefore extend our congratulations to him, for the success he has attained and wish him the best of luck in the future. To Manager William Bowersox, '26, much credit is due for his work in arranging so interesting a schedule, and for the manner in which he handled the affairs of the team.

Captain Jack Cummings, our lanky center, is next to be congratulated for his indomitable spirit and his hard but sportsmanlike playing, which have characterized him as the best college center Maryland has developed in the last decade. His leadership has been brilliant and inspiring and his departure from Loyola in June will mark the passing of a true man and a wonderful athlete.

In Jack Menton, the sterling guard, was a display of courage and determination that inspired the whole team and won the admiration of the spectators. Time and again has the morale of our opponents been broken by his clever dribbling and accurate shooting. When in the latter part



of the season, Menton was injured, "Bob" Lyon, famous for his ability to break up the opponents' passes, was persuaded to desert temporarily the study of law, to fill the breach. Although "Bob" had played but little this year, nevertheless, he skillfully performed the task assigned and prevented more than one score by our opponents. While June robs Loyola of Menton and Lyon, it will leave us the memory of two of the cleverest guards that have worn Loyola's colors.

Frank Dudley by his clever floor work and accurate shooting immediately attracted the notice of newspaper writers as well as the eyes of our opponents. And so it was not surprising to see Frank being guarded by two men. But he was not daunted by this handicap, for he was the leading scorer of the team. "Shorty" Helfrich and Mitchell alternated at the other forward position and each was responsible for many victories.

"Polly" Byrne, who was Menton's running mate at guard, by his fast and aggressive playing, when the stain of defeat seemed about to settle upon us, saved the day on more than one occasion.

As this closes the review of our championship efforts, we should strive to give to the other branches of sport the same backing we tendered the court team. Remember, we have our own "Gym" and the trophy room is begging decoration.





Baseball



THE present season promises to be the most successful since baseball was inaugurated at Loyola. Mr. Cofall, as Coach, early in February issued the first call for spring practice, which was held in the newly completed Gym. Approximately thirty candidates answered the first summons, among whom were several who gave great promise of filling satisfactorily the vacancies of last year, as well as to make the regulars hustle.

With the assistance of several of the football men, Coach Cofall and his baseball candidates transferred the diamond from the northwest to the southwest end of the field. After much patient labor, the work was completed and now we have a new diamond which will improve steadily as it is used.

After the completion of the diamond, outdoor practice began in earnest. The familiar faces were the reliable veterans: Tanton, Twardowicz, Mitchell and Enright, infielders; Helfrich, Shanahan and Conway, outfielders; Schap and Arnold to take care of the pitching, and "Polly" Byrne, our peppy catcher from last year behind the bat. Among the new faces who gave promise were: Shea, Rodgers and Sweeney, infielders; Desmond in the outfield, and John McNichols to bolster the pitching staff.

Coach Cofall's real problem was in the infield. With a wealth of excellent material, it was quite a task to determine who should have the honor of representing Loyola on the infield. "Lank" Tanton, a veteran from last year's team easily surpassed all candidates for the initial sack. His consistent hitting and ability to cover much ground made him a certainty at that position. At second there was a real fight between Twardowicz, last year's regular and Enright, who was a utility man. At present it seems to be a draw, since both are fast, sure fielders but weak hitters. Another fight for positions is being waged on the other side of the "keystone sack," with Rodgers and Sweeney besieging the position of the veteran, Mitchell. But "Mitch's" steady hitting seems to have turned the tide in his favor, leaving Rodgers and Sweeney as understudies. Shea, a newcomer, has undisputed possession of third. By his hard and consistent hitting, as well as his lightning-like fielding, he has silenced all who would seek his position. Sullivan is a utility infielder with a leaning to first base.

Four hard-hitting outfielders are Conway, Helfrich, Desmond and Shanahan, the first three getting the call, with Shanahan in reserve, ready to break into the game at any minute.

The catching department is being well cared for by "Polly" Byrne. He has an excellent throwing arm as well as being an exceptionally able hitter. Frank Schap, last year's mainstay in the pitching department, has rounded into form and from all appearances, has profited by his former experience in college ranks. John McNichols, a newcomer, is a very welcome and much needed addition to the pitching staff. Both he and Schap are batters who may be depended upon in the pinches. Joe Arnold, our relief twirler of last year is having trouble with a sore arm, but he hopes to round into shape before the season has far advanced.

With such prospects for a championship team, Manager Neuwien arranged a schedule that would be worthy of its best efforts. Games have been arranged with several state teams as well as with some outside teams. In compiling this schedule "Reggie" has devoted many hours of his time but he has been well rewarded.

The schedule:

April 10—Tank School (Home).
April 24—Western Maryland (Home).
May 1—Washington College (Away).
May 8—Mt. St. Mary's (Away).
May 12—Tank School (Away).
May 13—Davis Elkins (Home).
May 18—Georgetown (Away).
May 22—Western Maryland (Away).
May 27—Mt. St. Mary's (Home).
May 28—Washington College (Home).

TANKS 6; LOYOLA 5.

This game which opened the season for the "Green" tossers was one which the Coach sacrificed in order that he might test the ability of all his men. Every "sub" broke into the game at some point, but as the score indicates the game was very close.

WESTERN MARYLAND 0; LOYOLA 16.

Although Western Maryland came to town with the reputation of being a formidable nine, they fell before the barrage of hits that rained from the bats of our men. Shea had a perfect day at bat with four hits, while Desmond, Helfrich and Enright followed with two apiece. Schap pitched superbly, and Western Maryland could gather only two hits off his offerings.



In Parting

The GREEN AND GRAY of 1926, after a lapse of a year, once more makes its appearance on the Campus. The editors have been painstaking in their efforts to make this book truly representative of our College. To all those, who by their diligent efforts, have made this volume possible, we offer our humblest thanks and appreciation. To Rev. Robert H. Johnson, S.J., Dean of Loyola, and our Faculty Advisor, whose friendly counsel and kindly suggestions have helped up through many difficulties, we offer our grateful thanks.

To Mr. John A. Blatchford, S.J., are we indebted for the group pictures in this book.

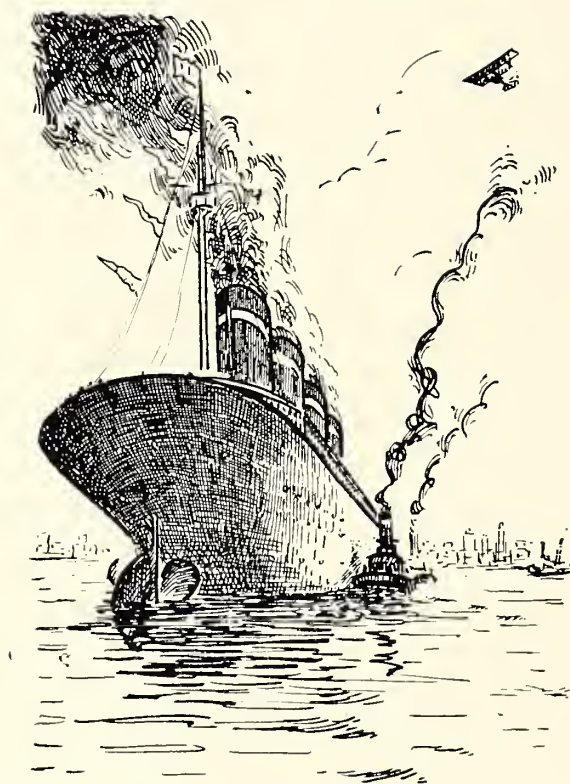
To Mr. Lucius White, Jr., Architect, we are very grateful for valuable data on the proposed Arts Building.

To Mr. Paul Menton of *The Evening Sun* we are indebted for the cut of our Athletic Director.

To Mr. Irvin Silver of *The Read-Taylor Co.* we are exceedingly thankful, for his helpful hints and kindly advice in the arrangement of our book.

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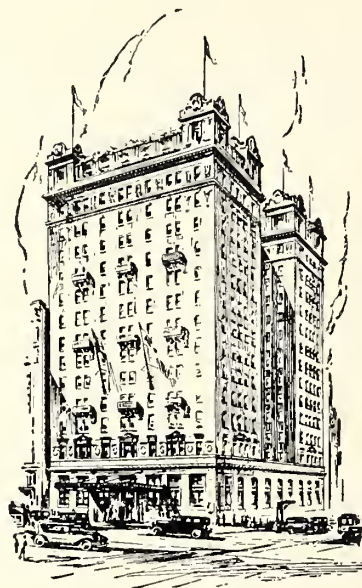
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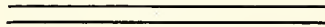
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